

White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

AFTER "TAPS."

Trump! Trump! Trump! Trump!
As I lay with my blanket on,
By the dim fire-light, in the moonlit night,
When the skirmishing fight was done.

The muffled beat of the sentry's feet,
With the jingling of the sentry's ring!
Trump! Trump! in my meadow-camp,
By the Shennandoah's spring.

The moonlight seems to shed cold beams
On a row of pale grave-stones;
Give the bugle breath, and that image of Death
Will fly from the twilight zone.

By each tented roof, a charger's hoof
Makes the hill-side ring;
Give the bugle breath, and that image of Death
To each horse's girl will spring.

Trump! Trump! Trump! Trump!
The sentry, before my tent,
Gazes, in gloom, his chief, for whom
His shelter to-night is lent.

I am not there. On the hill-side bare,
I think of the ghost within;
Of the leave who died at my sword-hand side,
To-day, 'mid the horrible din.

Of the dead and the living yells,
As they charged with the sabre drawn,
To my heart I said, "Who shall be the dead
In my tent, at another dawn?"

I thought of a blossoming almond-tree,
The stateliest tree that I know;
Of a golden bowl, of a potted rose,
And a lamp that is burning low.

Oh, thought that kill! I thought of the hill
In the far-off June days;
Of the two, the three, or the wide sea;
Whose hearts would melt with pain.

Of my pride and joy—my eldest boy;
Of the second—second—years;
Of Willie, whose face, with its pure, mild grace,
Melted memory into tears.

Of the mother, my little, by the Alpine lake's side,
And the sage-lavender in her hair;
Lies, beauty, and truth, which she brought to my youth,
In that sweet April day of her care.

"Hail! Hail! Hail!" the cold midnight air
And the chilling word still me through,
The ghost of a few whispers, close to my ear,
"Hail! Hail! Hail!" to you.

Believe me, "Believe!" makes the shade of a grief
The answer with the step on the sand,
In my life, in my while, a tear and a prayer
Cradle my beloved to land.

Trump! Trump! Trump! Trump!
With a solemn, pulsing tramp!
And when the drum beats, the fire burns bright,
And my sentry's watchman ring.

"Soft and subtle!" is sounding. Our pulses are bounding.
"To the front!" And the drums are beating.
Red fire in the ranks, and the drums are beating.
With my heart, like my sword, of steel.

ANDREW HALL POOTE.

What time our nation fought at Gettysburg,
And round that happy mound its smoke-like coils,
We went to one man's rooming house in Ohio,
Much of the victors which there were coils.

Long and with honor had he served the land,
At home, and more abroad—on sea and shore;
And when the smoke cleared from its bloody hand,
He stood silent—glad to see the men.

And some of all who'd fought and bled,
Had faster, brighter record kept than he,
Today that hero-gentleman lies dead—
A Christian soldier lost to liberty!

"Mid many bells and reverent guns, well may the nation
Weep above the dust of him who calmly lies asleep."

Select Tale.

ICHABOD; OR, THE PLEASURE OF BATHING.

BY PAUL CRETCHEN.

Ichabod Inches was extravagantly fond of bathing. Nearly every day, in the summer time, he used to go down to the pond back of Deacon Johnson's barn, dress in his clothes in the bushes, and plunge like a duck into the water.

The pond was a fine bath—so clear and brilliant when the sun shone, that every pebble that glittered on the hard bottom, was distinctly visible; and even when Ichabod dove down in the deepest places, you could see him kicking and splashing among the frightened fishes, like a great white frog, or a regular merman.

Ichabod chose the shadowy part of the pond, behind Deacon Johnson's barn, from considerations which every modest person will commend. The Deacon had some gay and enterprising girls, who delighted in rambling about the farm, sometimes extending their excursions to the pond; and there being no such thing as hiding in the transparent water, Ichabod found the barn a convenient retreat on occasion of surprise. He could always hear the girls coming, in season to catch up his clothes, retreat to the barn and dress himself, giving them no suspicion of his presence.

One day, however, Ichabod was sadly discomfited. This was the way of it: It was in the afternoon. There was a warm, soft air, and a cloudless sky. Ichabod had enjoyed a delightful bath, and in the shadow of the bushes, where his clothes were concealed, he was on the point of slipping his under garment over his head, when he was startled by a most terrific growl.

Ichabod was nervous. At a bound he plunged into a blackberry bush, and looked around for the bear, panther, or whatever the animal might be, that growled so horribly. Yet as Ichabod's hair was, it stood up all over his head. He was paralyzed with fear.

Another growl, however, started Ichabod out of the bushes. He had never heard anything so horrifying before. He caught a glimpse of a huge bristling monster, with glaring eyes, on the other side of the bushes, and fled.

Unfortunately, Ichabod was not only out of his senses, but out of his clothes. He left his shirt hanging on the briars. He rushed into the barn. He shot the door after him with great rapidity, and clung to the beam to keep from falling. He trembled as he never trembled before, and his legs seemed crumbling away beneath him.

Finding himself safely in the barn, however, with the monster on the outside, Ichabod presently began to recover from his fright. Still hearing a series of unearthly growls, he ventured to look through a crack in the door, to get a sight at the monster.

It was not a bear. It was not a panther. It was only a dog—Deacon Johnson's dog, too, the most peaceful of all dogs. Besides, Ichabod and Towser had always been friends. But Ichabod had never before seen him bristle up so, or heard him utter such growls. He was as large as two dogs.

"He is mad," thought Ichabod. Then Ichabod began to think of his clothes. He dared not go for them, never reflecting that Towser's unaccountable insanity was all owing to sheer fright. Nothing indeed terrifies a dog so much as the sight of human being in a state of nudity. Ichabod could not have got within a rod of Towser, had he tried.

Towser's growl was a growl of terror, and he followed his old friend, through the strange fascination of fear, and now began to yelp and bark before the barn door in a most wild and alarming manner, for poor Ichabod!

After suffering much agony, in his retreat, Ichabod, anxious to recover his clothes, resolved to presume upon his former intimacy with Towser, to coax him out of his insanity. Accordingly, after considerable preliminary whistling and flatterings through a crack, Ichabod cautiously opened the door. Towser, recognizing the voice, had for a moment appeared easier; but the instant he saw the terrible sight of a naked man, his bristles went up again, and he yelled horribly. Ichabod shut the door, as if he had been met by a troop of wolves!

Our hero's situation was, you may say, without contradiction, anything but pleasant. In vain did he beg and entreat Towser to know him and come out of his madness.

"Poor Towser!—good Towser!—Tow, Tow—come, Tow!" he cried, and Towser answered with yells.

Ichabod groaned, and cursed, and shivered, and cursed again, when—shade of Diana!—a chorus of female voices burst in upon Ichabod's ear.

"O, Lor! O, Lor! it's Johnson's girl!" groaned Ichabod, looking through the crack.

"That infernal dog—they'll think there's a thief in the barn! He'll Don't come!" he shouted, as three robust girls approached the door—"don't come! for heaven's sake!"

He flew about the barn like a chicken after its neck is wrung. There was no way of fastening the door. To hold on was out of the question—the girls would look through the crack!

So Ichabod got behind a ladder—he found this wouldn't do. His eyes fell on a bundle of straw, and he wished himself a mouse, that he might crawl in to it.

The girls came nearer. Having pacified the dog, they boldly determined to ascertain the cause of his terror.

"Don't come—I'm naked—for heaven's sake, don't!" shrieked Ichabod.

Not understanding his words, the girls thought he was calling for assistance. Suddenly all was silent. They looked through the cracks, but they saw nothing. Timidly they opened the door. The barn was as silent as a church on Monday morning. Encouraging each other, the girls entered. This encouraged the dog, and he entered too. Nobody was to be seen.

The girls looked everywhere—up the ladder, on the mow, behind the pitchfork that stood in the corner—and finally concluded the robber—or whoever the mysterious individual was—must be in the fanning mill.

"Turn it, Molly," said Jane.

Molly turned it—but as she did not find out anybody, the girls changed their minds, and felt certain the mysterious individual must be in the large apple barrel which stood in the corner.

The barrel was covered with straw. Jane pointed at it mysteriously. Molly turned pale. She was sure she saw the straw move; and the dog was beginning to snuff and growl at it, as if convinced there was something wrong. Lizzy there was something wrong. Lizzy brandished a stick. One took her station on one side of the barrel, and the other on the other side. Towser was before it, growling frightfully. Molly approached it from behind, and at a signal from Jane—tipped it over and spilled out Ichabod!

He came out like a spring snake out of a snuff-box. Up went Towser's bristles, and down came Jane's pitchfork, within an inch of Ichabod's ear!

Lizzy was near reaping the left with her sickle. Molly shrieked; the sisters recoiled. They had recognized Ichabod!

"Don't look at me! O, Lor! the dog—my clothes!" ejaculated Mr. Inches.

into the barrel, like a turtle into its shell. Amid the stifled growls of Towser, and the giggling of the girls, Ichabod, who had hastily fortified his retreat with what straw he could grasp by reaching out his naked arms, told his story, and entreated the girls to bring him his clothes, and call away the dog.

This they obligingly did; and having withdrawn, to give Ichabod an opportunity to dress, he got out of the barrel and into his clothes in double quick time. He thinks he never occupied so little time in dressing before, or since.

Ichabod, then, with feelings that can be more easily imagined than described, appeared, white and ghastly, before the girls, who laughed; and before Towser, who snuffed at him, hung his head, and finally sneaked away, with his tail down, very much ashamed. Ichabod, very much ashamed, too, went off in another direction, and disappeared in the bushes; and owing to painful associations connected with the briars, the dog, and the barrel, and the girls, our hero never afterwards went in swimming behind Deacon Johnson's barn.

Miscellaneous.

"GOD SAVE MY COUNTRY—THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

(—LAST WORDS OF GENERAL SCHNER.)

BY A. T. H. TAYLOR.

"God save my country!" as the hero cried,
While on his brow was pressed, all cold and damp,
The hand of death—and the pale, flickering light
Flashed up a moment in the dying lamp.

He prayed that God would save our bleeding land;
That Heaven in mercy would our country spare;
For never yet were those high peaks closed
Against a patriot's earnest, heart-felt prayer.

Of Sumner! that no more, thy thunder-tones
Will sound above the battle's awful din!
Thou never more the comrades will be cheered
By the bold presence of the martial form.

Yet will the history of thy glorious deeds
Brighten whole pages of our country's lore,
And "Liberty" will hang upon thy tomb
A prouder wreath than ever monarch wore.

Long is the list of heroes gone before—
And now upon the scroll another name,
Enriched by a radiant light, appears—
"Thy Sumner," written by the hand of Fame!

"God save my country!" Ah! he said it well!
When all things else had failed, 'twas his care,
And we will kneel to thee, thy throne, O God,
And beg an answer to that dying prayer.

NO! FOR THE GUN-BOATS.

Ho! for the gun-boats, ho!
Ho! for the floating forts,
Our starry flag is floating there,
The emblem of the free.

Ho! for the gun-boats, ho!
Ho! for the rivers bright,
There hangs the star of liberty,
With pure and holy light.

(Repeat first four lines of each verse.)

Ho! for the gun-boats, ho!
Ho! for the Ocean King,
Their victories on the seas are borne
Upon the lightning's wing.

Ho! for their bows of steel!
In every clime and zone,
The thunder of their mighty guns
Shall shake the tyrant's throne.

Ho! for the brave hearts, ho!
Ho! for the stripes and stars!
Before their might the despots bow—
The prison doors unbars.

Ho! for the gun-boats, ho!
Ho! for the waters blue!
To freedom and our glorious flag,
We pledge ourselves anew.

A. Ward Meets Bellows, the Copperhead Editor.

Ward was the Poet. I forgot with woe,
The proper study of mankind is man;
But to understand human nature
Perfected requires sun college of the other
annual, as far instance snail! There's
a grate soul of human nature is snail!

Speaking of snails, reminds me of an
incident which happened to me the other
day. I was a traveling in the cars,
when a man came in with a countenance
which looked as if it had been billed
and the skunk not properly cut off. He was
accompanied by a very young man in a
well-tailored suit of close. The young
man stared hard at me, whereupon I
said to him in my most insinuating
manner, "Your servant, sir; do you
see any thing green about me?"

"No, sir," he replied, "but I see
mit me to introduce to you a patriot."

"Where abouts?" said I.

"Hart," said I. (This was spoken sar-
castically, for I hate travelling patriots
like dog pi.)

"Nothing to speak of," said he, "I am
simply an unbel patriot."

"How much kin you make a week at
it?" said I, if it followed up?

"Sar," said he, "I am surprised at
such levity. I make my words by it, sir;
also stripes, likewise impressing
ments. I have been incarcerated in
fortress Lafayette, sir."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes, sir; he I; I was incarcerated
in that federal bastille, because I would
not obey a tyrannical government."

"Something like Jno. W. Hampton,"
said I, "was he objected to settling his
skate tax? Its rather singular to find
a pious man who is also a patriot. I
should like to have your wax finger in my
show."

"You flatter me," said he.

"Not a tall," said I. "Wot business
do you follow when times is dull?"

"I am a notary," says he, "I told
Mr. Linkin wot I thort of him, sir, in
my paper, sir. I told him the war was a
unboly war. That the rebels was a fitin
for their burthens as the constitution.
That J. Davis was a grates man, an no-
body couldn't stop him. I apoled to

the people, sir. I told them to arise in
thar mite and magrity, burl A. Linkin
from power, and ade the South in bur
noble effort to save the Union. For this,
sir, I was incarcerated in a dungeon.

"How did you get out?" said I.

"Was you let out on the rit of Hocus
Pocus?"

"No, sir," said he. I was de-
prived of my constitutional rite to that
rit, which was arrested from King John
by the bowld barrens at the Rennywood,
and witch has been wotted by the blud
uv our sires and antislavers."

"But how did you get out?" said I.

"The majesty uv the stait uv Penn-
silvenner," he continued, "has been vi-
olated in my umbel person—that mity
Stait witch was foudred by W. H.
Penn. in peace—witch was purchast
by him from the nobel red men uv the
forest."

"Ingis is pizen wheresover found,"
said I. "How did you get out?"

"The Legislator uv my native Stait is
resolvin—the Legislator uv my nativ
Stait is goin to avenge her violated au-
verignity."

"My fren," said I, "my patriotic fren,
kyerb these flites of imagination, subu
these founs or retterick, and inform me,
O, inform me,

"Let me not bust in ignorants,"
but inform me—how did you get out?"

Sax he, very short, "I would not
bough down an take the oath. I was
released on my pay roll uv honor."

"Yn odacious cns," said I, "a mity
site meaner than Limburg cheese is yure
pay roll uv honor. Why, sir, my imor-
tal little monkey is smart compared to
yu. My kobra wouldn't associate with
yu. My wax finger of Smith, the wife
murderer, wot skorn to was yure close.
Why, sir, it air a privilege to take the
othe of a legance. I take it, sir, in the
mornin when I rise on brethe the are of
freedom. I take it wen I lye down at
nite sekure in the protection of mi coun-
try. I administer the othe to mi famer-
ly. I teach it to my innocent children.
Yn a patriot! Shadder of G. Wash-
ington defend us! if the suverignity uv
yure nativ Stait is lodged in yore person,
in my opinion thares mity little to keep
it from falling to the ground. Wile yu
air loose, on, onest men hev no pleasure
in bein fren. Wen yu are tuckt up—then
the rites of onest men air sekura. My
son, Andrew Jackson Ward, sir, is a
corporal in the army of the Union. He
marches next to the man who kerrya the
flag. The rebels may shute at him, but
his dooty is to hold onto his fire till the
last moment for the defence of that glo-
rious flag. An wile them ignorant ruf-
fine air a levlin thars guns at his manly
breast, yu, sar, an such abandoned cov-
ardly villans ex yu, sar, air a tellin em
ware in tan. Yu air a tellin em in tan
thars ground, an to fire on the Stars and
Stripes with my son may even now be a
brin proudly in the face of the foe. If
I served yu rite, sar, I woud take yu
by the scruff of yure worthless neck an
the sete of yure close, carry yu out onto
that platform and drop yu out onto the
track, wen the kars could mangle yure
rotten flesh an grind yure disreppable
bones to powder!"

See he, lookin kind o' skeart, "the
Legislator uv mi nativ Stait—"

"Cuss the Legislator uv yure nativ
Stait," said I. "I hev no sitch snax in
mi show. South Carolina adopted the
ratle snail as the emblem of her suver-
eignty—but yure Legislator hev chose
a measer, an more pignose reptyle—the
copperhead. My feeble opinion is, sar,
that either W. Penn diddnt git a good
title, or he left no legitimate area, and
the suverignity uv yure nativ Stait hev
reverted to the pizen Ingis agin, witch
was the original possorsors."

Here the whistle blode for Johnston,
were I got out and exhibited my moril
entertainment, at a large an truly patri-
otic audgence of American citizens.

THEY LOVE TREASON, BUT DESPISE THE
TRAITORS.—The testimony, says the Re-
publican, of Chester County, Pa., is an-
nual, that the rebels in Cumberland
Valley have treated certain sympathizers
in that region with great contempt. A
well authenticated fact comes to us, and
we think it should be made a part of the
record of this war. The rebel General
Jenkins, while in Chambersburg, either
by his own invitation or otherwise, took
tea one evening with Mrs. McClure, the
wife of Col. Alex. McClure.

After being seated, he said: "Mrs.
McClure, your husband left here last
night?" "Yes," "He went out by
way of Rutherford's Lane?" "Yes,"
"He was on foot?" "Yes; but,"
said Mrs. McClure, "how is it, General,
you know all these particulars?" "Oh,"
said Jenkins, with the most biting scorn
and irony, "I have it all from our
constitutional friends!" This is but a sin-
gle instance of the conduct of these men
in Cumberland Valley.

GAME OF DRAW.—The East to the
West, greeting—Gettysburg, July, 4,
1863: We go you 12,000 prisoners.

The West to the East—Vicksburg,
July 4, 1863: All right, we go you
12,000 better.

The following is from Vanity Fair:

"THE TWO BURGIES."

"VICKSBURG! GETTYSBURG!"

"To whom shall we Grant the Meade
of praise?"

Yes, Hs Has.—Lee has found that
there is a big difference between going
out to hunt up a fight, and in having one
brought to you.

TAKE YOUR GUN AND GO, JOHN.

Don't stop a moment to think, John—
Our country calls, then go;
Don't fear for me nor the children, John,
I'll care for them, you know.

Leave the corn upon the stalk, John,
The fruit upon the tree;
And all our little stores, John,
Yes, leave them all to me.

CHORUS—Then, take your gun and go;
Yes, take your gun and go;
For Ruth can drive the team, John,
And I can use the hoe.

I've heard my grand-uncle tell, John,
He fought at Shaker Hill;
He counted all his life and wealth,
His country's offering still.

Would I spare the brave old blood, John,
That flowed on Monmouth plain!
No! take your gun and go, John,
Tho' I never see you again.

CHORUS—Then, take your gun and go, John.

The army's short of blankets, John,
Then take this heavy pair;
I spun and wove them when a girl,
And wot'd I them with great care.

A rose in every corner, John,
And here's my name, you see;
On the cold ground they'll warmest feet,
Because they're made by me.

CHORUS—Then, take your gun and go, John.

And, John, if God has willed it so,
We never shall meet again,
I'll do my best for the children, John,
In sorrow, weep, or pain.

On Winter nights I'll teach them, John,
All that I learned at school—
To love our country, keep her laws,
Obey the Saviour's rule.

CHORUS—Then, take your gun and go, John.

And now, good-bye to you, John—
I cannot say farewell;
We'll hope and pray for the best, John—
His goodness none can tell.

May His arm be round about you, John,
To guard you night and day—
Be our beloved country's shield,
Till our shall pass away.

CHORUS—Then, take your gun and go, John.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Interview with the "Pres."

WASHINGTON, June 10.

Dear Vanity—I was just on the point
of taking Vicksburg last week, when I
received a telegram from a gentleman
high in authority, requesting my im-
mediate presence here.

I came at once. Before leaving the
Mississippi, however, I sent Gen. Grant
the following order:

HEADQUARTERS, June 1.
General Orders, No. 1,000,000,004—
Take Vicksburg.

Ass't Sup. Gen. Com. Rija. Shaya. U.
S. A. M. D. L. X. Y. Z. &c.,
Undoubtedly, the order is filled by this
time.

"Chevalier," said President Lincoln
to me on my arrival, "have you con-
sidered the political movements of the
day, and their bearings?"

"Somewhat, Sir," I responded, "but
not extensively."

"It is time. The campaign commences.
Would you like to be President of
the United States?"

"I do know."

"It isn't much fun," sighed Lincoln,
wearily. "It is harder than fatboating,
and more confusing than splitting rails.
I have had a good Cabinet and a splen-
did people to support me. But the
demagogues torture me, and the copper-
head sympathizers undo the work of my
armies. Confound 'em!" added the ex-
cellent Chief, warming up, "what shall
I do with them?"

"Draft 'em," I suggested.

"Bah! they won't fight. They're all
peace men—that is, cowards," said Lin-
coln, with ineffable disgust.

"Suppose we hang them all."

"That would be better. Meanwhile,
would you accept a nomination for the
Presidency?"

"Not if you will run for re-election,
Sir."

"You do me proud, Chevalier. I have
had more such men as those, the land
would soon be blest again, and smile as it
was wont to smile."

I embraced his knees, which are a
handy height from the floor, and thanked
him with tears.

After a brief silence, the President re-
sumed:

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortals
be proud, when so beset by the distrac-
tions of a severe people? Yet there will
be several candidates, and maybe more.
There is talk of Seward, of Chase, of
McClellan, of Fremont, of Crittenden,
of Banks, of Butler, and the hocky knows
how many more. Now all these parties
will unite, if we can find one upright,
honest, vigorous, capable man—the
genius of the hour?"

"No," said he, turning brusquely upon
me—"his other name is Chevalier
McAronne!"

I felt I blushed crimson, and became
very handsome.

"But, Sir," I faltered, "why thrust
this undue honor upon me? I am the
lowly violet, the rose of Sharon, and the
lily of the valley. My business is to
blush unseen—if I have done good by
stealth—and I suppose I have done more
than any six other men known to History
—shall my cheek not glow with the fire
of multitudinous ass incarnadined, to
find it fame?"

"Praps."

"Ah," said he, "thank you. I pro-
mise you the suffrage of a grateful na-
tion."

"But, Sir, couldn't you, couldn't you
make a dead sure thing of it?" I asked.

"How?"

"By creating me President as a